Temperance.

THE FATAL GLASS.

Beware, beware of the fatal glass,
A demon lurks within
The poisoned stuff that steals the brains
And causes shame and sin.
The drunkard's home, 'tis a desolate place;
Misery, want and starvation
Are some of the things well known to all
Poor victims of dissipation.

Men who once possessed intelligence
Have often lost their reason,
And men who once their country loved
Have often thought of treason,
While crazed by the demon alcohol,
And deprived of their right senses;
All regardless of their sufferings,
And heedless of expenses.

The wife and children of such men—
Who knows what they endure
While trying night and day to keep
The wolf outside their door;
While the father visits daily
The grog-shop and the inn,
To seek solace from the bottle
Of poisoned rum and gin.

Oh, demon and base destroyer!
When will thy doom be sealed?
Will the crimes thou hast committed
Ere to mankind be revealed?
Must we still gaze on in silence,
And not lift a hand to save
Some poor and hapless victim
From a wretched drunkard's grave?

Oh, noble sons of temperance,
Ye are doing well, no doubt,
For your country's name and honor
The enemy to rout!
Strive on, each gallant worker!
Be victorious in the strife—
Save from the awful tempter
Some dear and precious life. —*Selected.*

Intemperance as a Disease.

A freshly published work by Dr. Parrish of Burlington, N. J., entitled "Alcoholic Inebriety," is replete with information and suggestion for the reformer and philanthropist. For years they have waged warfare with this giant evil, and the results of their work are not to be underestimated. But, spite of the public sentiment they have created, the legislation they have secured, the educational safeguards they have effected, drunkenness is not decreasing as it ought, and the reform of an inebriate is not a frequent occurrence. May not this be because in struggling against intemperance as a vice, we have too much overlooked the fact that it is also a disease, and omitted to suggest treatment for it as such? We would by no means blink the first and more general conception of the evil. Beyond question, in most cases, the drunkard by voluntary sensual indulgence brings upon himself the disgrace and suffering of the drunkard's lot. The sin of his yielding to such temptation cannot be too strongly stated and censured. But according to Dr. Parrish, and the best medical authorities agree with him, the habitual drinker's license brings its swift punishment; his indulgence ceases to be purely voluntary and becomes the requirement of disease. Dr. Peddie of Edinburgh says: "The habit of drinking sometimes goes on in a slow, stealthy manner as if from *vice* to disease, binding in the last link the victim as a slave of a passion from which he cannot free himself, struggle however hard he may. The disease, therefore, may be acquired, springing out of vicious courses."

Indeed, Dr. Parrish quotes scientific men of standing who consider inebriety from its earliest stages, simply and always a disease, and compare it with forms of insanity whose first symptoms are apparent changes in character and habits. In general, however, his authorities would agree with him in the parallel which he draws between drunkenness and gluttony: "It [the latter] may be, like drinking, a sensuous habit merely, running on till it assumes the form of a gastric disease; but it is more frequently a symptom of cerebal disorder." And again: "The boundary line between the vice of gluttony and the diseases which follow it, in which there is visceral inflammation and deterioration, is readily distinguished by the very same class of symtoms that designate the disease of inebriety. As the vice passes into a state of visceral derangement, which is disease, the change of character begins to manifest itself. Nothing is more common than the irritable temper of dyspeptics, the gloomy moodiness that accompanies liver derangement, or the odd fancies and vagaries of hysteria, which so commonly represent sympathy with diseased organs. The same law is applicable to the subject in hand and no one who has observed closely can have failed to notice the differences of character which are exhibited in the career of an inebriate as he progresses from the careless, motiveless beginning to the stage of cerebral disorder."

Perhaps the most valuable part of this little work is that which treats of the alcoholic craving as a hereditary taint, and its relation to other, transmitted diseases. Incidents are cited which indicate the close connection between inebriety and insanity as cerebral disorders, the unsoundness showing itself sometimes in one form, sometimes in the other, in the same family. "As water is changed into ice, so one disease may be transmuted into another form, and be known by a distinct name, at the same time possessing the same original qualities. * * * Intemperance crops out in some families where there has been no previous lodgment of the taint, but where other disorders have been active from which inebriety is simply a deviation from the direct line." Some reports of reformatories have been tabulated. They present startling disclosures of diseased parentage. Dr. Macon of the Inebriates' Home at Fort Hamilton, L. I., has looked into the family history of one hundred and sixty-one patients there. He learned that ninety-eight of the number had drunken fathers, six drunken mothers, and sixteen, grandparents and other near kindred, who were intemperate. Fifteen were of families in which insanity existed, sometimes along with inebriety, illustrating the close relation of the two diseases. Quotations might be multiplied to show that physicians consider intemperance a hereditary disorder. Dr. Anstie affirms: "The tendency to drink is a disease of the brain which is inherited." Dr. Druitt of London, says: "The condition which gives rise to intemperance is hereditary." And more significant yet, Dr. Elam states: "The habit of the parent, when inebriated, does not appear in the child merely as a habit, but in most cases as an irresistible impulse, a disease."

Now comes the practical question, If these things are so, what then? How should these facts affect our treatment of the problem of intemperance? The evil must be diminished in two ways: By preventive and curative measures. Of the latter there are temperance societies and places of confinement—prisons, insane asylums and inebriate homes. A small proportion of drunkards reform by their own effort, "work out their own salvation." They are estimated at three per cent of the whole number. The temperance societies are a vast power, but more effective as a preventive than a curative agency: yet they may be credited, perhaps, with the reformation of about one drunkard in ten. Prisons and insane asylums, although in most places the only remedies that the law empowers, can hardly be considered anything more than punitive. A cure or reformation in either is a rare occurrence, and not to be reasonably expected. The moral objection to associating the diseased or vicious with criminals is obvious, and directors of insane asylums present grave sanitary reasons for confining inebriates and insane separately under different treatment. Despite the difficulties with which they have contended, the inebriate homes of existing modes of treatment present by far the best record of efficiency. They are generally private enterprises, receiving only patients who come voluntarily, and having no power of restraint or compulsion. Yet according to Dr. Parrish their treatment is successful in thirty-three per cent of the cases coming under their care. Though some consider that estimate higher than facts warrant in this country, it is conceded to be true of the German homes, which in some respects have the advantage over ours. It is, at least, a promise of what ours might do under more favoring conditions. Do not these facts call for a more general establishment of inebriate asylums where, along with restraint and ethical teaching, the patients may have the careful medical treatment which disease requires? Or where such establishments are impracticable, do they not demand a more general acceptance and practice of the methods pursued therein? Let us recognize that, however vicious the drunkard may have been at the outset, may still be, he is also physically diseased, and not withhold the treatment which his suffering calls for.

And that brings us to the second point. How does this view of intemperance bear on preventive agencies? It is sometimes claimed that its tendencies are dangerous. There are earnest reformers who hold that the abhorrence with which drunkenness is regarded is seriously lessened by promulgating this view. But do we regard lewdness with less repugnance because of the frightful physical penalties that are affixed to it? Is one less likely to abstain from gluttony because, aside from being a beastly indulgence, it is the sure precursor of complicated disease? We would teach children that in exposing themselves to the poison of alcohol they incur physical as well as moral danger; and physical risk often appeals to the thoughtless more powerfully than moral. It is more tangible and comprehensible. Especially where there is any hereditary taint in the family, though ever so far back, would we have children familiarized with the fact, and placed on guard against any symptom of the disease. Let them look upon it as the physical enemy against which they have to watch; no more a moral disgrace than inherited pulmonary weakness. Persons with a consumptive tendency arrange their whole condition of life, location, occupation and habits, fetter themselves with a thousand restrictions, that they may thereby win the physical victory. So should the more numerous class whose heritage is a deadlier enemy. They are not guilty for the existence of that enemy. They are guilty, if they make careless defense, or wage a cowardly warfare.—*Advance.*

Prohibition and Politics.

The prohibitionists of Ohio held a convention at Columbus and nominated a straight-out prohibition ticket for state officers. The platform condemns and denounces the policy of the democrats and republicans alike on the subject of temperance, and proposes that the prohibitionists of the state, as a distinct and independent party, shall fight and conquer both of these parties and take the management of the affairs of the state into their own hands. The single issue which they make relates to the temperance question, considered with reference to the best way of putting an end to the admitted evils of intemperance. What, in the light of the facts just as they exist in Ohio, they are to gain for the cause of temperance by this movement is more than we can tell. The democrats of Ohio, as a party, constitute the rum party in that state, and expect in the pending campaign to be supported by the whole liquor interest of the state. If they win the day, they will not only do nothing for temperance, but will go in for free rum without taxation or restraint of any kind. The republicans of that state, on the other hand, believe in restricting the liquor traffic by an effective license system and making it pay a tax for the support of the state government and in giving the legislature full power to legislate on the subject. There is a very wide difference between these two creeds; and the latter, even if not the best that can be conceived, is immeasurably superior to the former. One or the other of these creeds, and not that of the prohibitionists at all, will be the practical policy of the state. Now, because we are in favor of temperance and desire to do everything in our power to promote it in Ohio and everywhere else, we regret the action of the Ohio prohibitionists, and, if living in that state, would not vote for their ticket, but would vote for the republican ticket. They have done just what the rum party wants them to do, and what, so far as it has any effect at all, will contribute to the success of that party and weaken the only party that can and will do anything for the cause of temperance. We believe in prohibition; but not in the sense that would lead us to throw away half a loaf because we cannot get a whole loaf. The prohibitionists in Ohio are absolutely powerless to do anything by law for the cause of temperance, except as they co-operate with the republican party; and by refusing this co-operation and setting up an independent ticket, they are simply playing into the hands of the rum party. If this be practically wise with reference to temperance, then we confess frankly that we don't see it.—*Independent.*

THE Arkansas *Evangel* says that "some people were very much surprised the other day to see a man convicted and fined $200 under the special liquor law which forbids liquor-selling within two miles of a school or academy." The same law also forbids the sale within two miles of a church. We used to think of Arkansas only in close connection with bowie-knives and their uses; but she seems to be getting ahead of us in the matter of protecting the children who attend her schools from the wiles of the saloon men.

LONDON spends $10,000,000 a year on its poor, yet starvation is of common occurrence there. Let them spend one million for one year to promote the temperance reform, and see if the per cent of good realized is not more satisfactory.

THERE are 14,000 drinking places in Ohio which pay a whiskey license of $25 to the federal government.

For the Children.

TREASURE.

The days go hurrying by,
Girls and boys! girls and boys!
Are you piling up any treasure,
While busy still with your toys?

Any treasure for heaven,
Every day, every day?
A kind act here, and a gentle deed there,
As the smallest children may?

God calls these "treasure," you know.
In the sky, in the sky,
He is saving them, every one,
To reward us by and by.

Then why not begin to-day,
Girls and boys! girls and boys!
To lay up some treasure in heaven,
While busy still with your toys?
—*Selected.*

"Bunker Hill."

"There's a good subject for missionary work," said Conductor Blanchard, indicating with a wave of his hand a ragged boyish figure at the farther end of the long platform.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"I don't know his name. We call him 'Bunker Hill.' He's a character—a regular gamin. Came down on the freight from Boston the other night and got locked in a car. The boys heard him pounding on the car door when they stopped here for water, and let him out."

"I must make his acquaintance," I replied.

He was a boy apparently twelve or thirteen years old, and well grown for his age. He was barefooted. His costume consisted of a pair of tattered trousers rolled up above his sturdy knees, a calico shirt, not overclean, and an old straw hat. One suspender, originally of a reddish hue, ran diagonally up his back, connecting with a button on his trousers-belt in front. The boy's face was round and freckled, his nose a saucy pug, and his hair a vivid red. A bootblack's kit completed his outfit. His hands were thrust deep in his pockets, and he was smoking, with evident enjoyment, the stub of a cigar which looked as if it had been picked out of the gutter.

He returned my gaze unflinchingly. "Well, mister," he said, at length, "I hope yer'll know me wen yer see me agin."

"I hope so. Want a job?"

"You bet!"

"Bunker Hill" unslung his kit with alacrity. I sat down on a baggage truck, and put one foot on his box. "Them boots don't need blackin'," he said, eying them critically.

"Go ahead."

"All right, boss."

The brushes flew over the leather.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Jimmy Nolan; but the folks down here call me 'Bunker Hill.'"

"From Boston?"

"Yes. Cum down on a little vacashun. Think I shall spend the summer in the country. Too much competishun et the Hub. They make a feller go ter school before he kin git a license ter sell papers er black boots. 'Tain't like Noo York. T'other boot, boss."

Thus began my acquaintance with "Bunker Hill," an acquaintance which grew from day to day until I gained his confidence and friendship.

The more I saw of the boy the better I liked him. He had the vices which his street life had engendered, but he had some of the virtues of a noble nature—courage, generosity, and truthfulness. He steadfastly resisted all my importunities to become a member of my mission class; but one Sunday afternoon created a sensation by walking into the room in the midst of the exercises, and deliberately taking his place with the other scholars. There had been a great transformation in his appearance. His face fairly shone in its cleanliness; his hair was cropped close to his head; he wore a new suit of clothes, and boots. His advent caused great satisfaction among the other boys, all of whom had a profound admiration and reverence for "Bunker Hill."

After that he was in his place every Sunday. He was a bright boy, and learned surprisingly fast. Little by little, as we became well acquainted, he related his short and sad history. Born in the north of Ireland, he came to the United States with his parents when eight years old, landing in New York, where his father obtained employment. Soon after their arrival in this country, his mother died, and his father, to drown his sorrow, took to drink. From a kind-hearted, affectionate man, he gradually became morose and brutal, treating "Bunker Hill" with great cruelty. The boy endured it as well as he could for two years, and then ran away, drifting to Boston, where he supported himself in various ways and acquired the rudiments of a common school education.

"Bunker Hill" remained in Barmouth through the summer and early autumn, and just as gorgeous October faded into drear November he mysteriously disappeared. Several weeks passed, and then I received the following characteristic letter:

BOSTON, Nov. 19, 1800 and 82.

deer mR——: i spose you thot i goN Back oN you weN i Cleered out wiThouT sayiN good-BY. i cum to BostoN to speNd wiNtur. chal gO to school Hear. will Be bak iN the spriNg. BUNkeR HiLL.

I heard nothing more from him for nearly six months; but one May Sabbath he surprised us all by walking into the room and taking his old seat in the class, saying, "I told yer I'd cum back, and I've cum!"

In the weeks which followed I saw the boy almost every day, as he made me his confidential adviser. I found him a boarding place in the family of a mechanic, where he could have a respectable home for a small sum each week, and where I could keep a watch over his movements. The boy possessed remarkable shrewdness and great native ability, and in various ways earned considerable money. He was now neatly clad, and had a small deposit in the Barmouth savings bank. Occasionally he took a trip to Boston.

One midsummer afternoon the telephone alarm sounded, and I answered the summons.

"Go ahead with the City Hospital," said the central office.

"Hello!"

"Ticket office?"

"Yes."

"Tell Mr. —— that there is a boy here named Nolan, dying, who wants to see him."

My heart came into my throat. "Bunker Hill" dying! What could have happened? I immediately telephoned to a livery stable for a team, left the office in charge of my assistant, and drove to the hospital.

Dr. Sherburn, the kind-hearted superintendent, met me in the office. "It's a little fellow named Nolan," he said. "He is dying. He calls for you incessantly during his intervals of consciousness. There was a fire in one of the wooden tenement-houses on Lincoln street this afternoon, and of course the boy was on hand. When the building was enveloped in flames, a woman shrieked out that her baby was in the house, in a cradle in the upper story. She tried to throw herself into the flames, but two firemen caught her. This boy seized her shawl, saturated it with water, and before any one could restrain him, dashed into the burning building. He emerged in a few moments with the babe in his arms, wrapped up in the shawl, unhurt, but the boy's clothing was on fire in a dozen places, and he was frightfully burned. He cannot recover."

I followed the doctor through the wards to a pleasant, airy apartment where a little bandaged form lay in a white cot. "His face and hands were protected to some extent by the dampened shawl, and were not severely burned," said the doctor. "The burns are on his feet and body."

I went to the head of the bedside and sat down. "'Bunker Hill,'" I said, softly.

No answer.

"He is unconscious," said the doctor.

"'Bunker Hill!'"

One white hand was laid feebly on my arm.

"Hez he come?" he asked.

"Yes, old fellow, I am here."

"I knowed yer'd come."

"Are you in pain?" I inquired.

"No, not now."

I saw by the expression of the doctor's face that he considered that a bad sign. He went softly out, leaving me alone with the boy.

"I knowed yer'd come," he repeated. "I wanted to talk with yer—about him, yer know. S'pose he saw what I done this afternoon?"

"Yes, my boy, he sees everything."

"'Cause I thought that, ef he saw what I done fer him, it might please him. You told us how he come inter the world ter give his life fer folks; but I thought ez how, seein' I was so ig'rant and poor an' nobody seemed ter care fer me but you, that he wouldn't think of a feller like me. I thought ef I could do fer some one else what he done fer other people, mebbe it would please him and he would remember me. You think he see me go inter that house and fetch out that baby?"

"Yes, 'Bunker Hill,' Christ saw your heroic act this afternoon, and no doubt it was doubly pleasing to him because you did it for his sake. But he knew you and loved you all the time, even before you ever heard of him. He came into the world to help every one—the friendless and the sinful as well as the rich and powerful. 'For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

"Say that ag'n."

I repeated the comforting words, and quoted other passages rich with promise.

A smile brightened the boy's pale face. The odor of roses and honeysuckle blew in through the open window, filling the whole room with fragrance. The last rays of the descending sun stole into the apartment and painted a golden aureole around the little form on the bed.

"Bunker Hill" had fallen asleep.—*Edgar L. Warren in Congregationalist.*

Not Ashamed of It.

"Zeke, why don't you swear?" inquired the foreman, as he paused a moment before the table of the "handy man" of the mill.

"Well," replied Zeke, "to tell the truth, I've given up swearing."

"Where is your spit-box?"

"I've given up chewing," continued the other in the same tone.

"Anything else that you've given up?" was the laughing inquiry.

"Yes, sir, I've given up a heart as black and sin-stained as ever a man had, and I've got a new one, a clean one, in its place," replied the young man earnestly.

The foreman flushed, frowned and departed.

Zeke wiped the sweat from his brow and turned to his work. It way no easy task for him to acknowledge his penitence for the past and his strivings for the right, but he was glad that he had done it.

"Look here, Zeke," said "old Tom," a fellow workman, "there's some grind, some joke in this. You hain't really turned pious, have yer? I mean, honest pious, you know."

"I have certainly, Tom, as far as really meaning it goes. I am trying with all my might to be a Christian."

"I'll bet a case of lager that you will swear before night, and will be chewing inside of a week," was the old man's comment.

"Oh, I hope not!" exclaimed Zeke, an almost despairing look coming over his face.

"Hope not! Why don't you say, 'It shan't be so?'" said his companion.

"Tom, you don't know what a fearful fight it has been for me," replied the young man. "I tried for weeks to break myself of swearing, but could not. Half of the time when you fellows were laughing at my string of oaths, I was in agony because I was breaking my resolutions. The more I tried to stop, the thicker and faster they came."

"How long is it since you have sworn?" asked the listener in a subdued tone.

"Three days," was the reply. "All of my waking hours I have kept on the watch, and every time that I was tempted"—

The young man stopped abruptly, turned very white, shut his teeth hard together, and closed his eyes.

"Are you sick?" inquired his friend in some alarm.

Zeke shook his head, and after a moment said—

"I have to stop every now and then to fight it off. It seems as if the devil just poured all the oaths in existence into my mind, and as if I must utter them."

"How do you keep from saying them?" asked Tom.

"I just say, 'O Lord, drive him away!' over and over again until the thoughts leave me."

Just then the foreman returned. Tom moved away, but was called back.

"Did either of you know that I was a church member, a professing Christian?" he asked.

"No," said Zeke, honestly. "I never dreamed it."

"Nor I," said Tom.

"Well, I am, although I have been cold and indifferent. I wish to begin again, and I want all of the hands to know of it this time."

"I'd kinder like to keep you two company, if you don't object," said Tom, wistfully. "I ain't much on such things, but I've longed for somethin' of this sort for many a year."

As they shook hands in parting the foreman said,

"Now, boys, let's always be honest about this. Let folks know that we have to struggle, that we have to fight to hold our own, and that we are not ashamed of it."